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7/26/78

Dear Les,

Your nice note of day beforeyesterday was left when the mailman picked up my latest mailing to you about yourself, one I'm sure you'll relish. (As you say, "Good Old Deke.")

There are no restrictions on anything I send you unless I specify them.

I said nothing about the Jack stuff, if I remember correctly, preferring not to make any interpretation because I know the kinds of false paper these spooks generate for future misuses. I had no way of knowing whether any of it is true or false.

This is a problem I face often enough in my many FOIA cases.

Because all of these records will be part of a permanent public archive if Jack would like me to staple anything to those records I'll be glad to.

As I come across more I'll send them.

Interesting that you should (congratulations) talk about a "contract fatly signed" in what I read only minutes after speaking to Howard Bray about a coauthor because I simply can't find time to write. I have in mind a definitive book on the King assassination I just can't get to. Perhaps others later.

And as I told you once, novelist, a Conder-type non-fiction novel all based on CIA and FBI records. Know anyone else looking for fat novel cont/acts? And (as would help) don't like spooks trying to convert an assassination into World War III.

When you come my drinking tastes are what you'd expect of one who started drinking in newsrooms that had phone booths more infested with cockroaches than anyplace other than where the paper was stored. Bring what you like. I like it all. Can't have more than three a day, so I sometimes make it four.

Best,

JACK ANDERSON

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LES WHITTEN

July 24

Dear Harold --

That was fascinating stuff -- both batches. I remember working on that story very well. I think you got me going on it. And the RFK-MIK stuff re Jack was wild. Good old Deke playing both ends. Do you suppose he really fooled Hoover? I passed it on to Jack. Hope that's okay.

As for me, I labor on the novel. The contract is fatly signed and I get the second half hopefully some time after I deliver the final manuscript in about two weeks. It is odd, Harold, how many lightyears the rat race seems away even as the short perspective of these six or seven months. Maybe I'll even be able when the book's ~~and~~ in to travel out your way armed with a couple of bottles of vino or whatever your ailments allow.

I know you don't need to hear it from me, but the library you are building up (and you're the only one who can do it) will be a national treasure one of these days. Keep collecting!

les

